A Love to Last (Past Saturday Night)

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A Love to Last (Past Saturday Night)

by sourweather

Summary

Just Will and Han enjoying the morning after their First Time together and being very in love.

Notes

sorry I just adore them. Also listen to A Sunday Kind of Love by Etta James for the vibes of this fic lol

Will is slow, almost stubborn, in his waking. It takes long moments for him to stir after he wakes, ever-sore limbs shifting against silken sheets. Even longer for him to finally open his eyes.

In a past life, he was so hesitant to embrace wakefulness out of dread. The idea of facing another day of his life was harder to stomach some days than others, but he'd never been known to leap from bed on the best of mornings.

When Will opens his eyes, though, he finds himself smiling.

It feels like a culmination, waking up here. The ground meeting him after the long, long drop. More so than last night, oddly enough. Last night had been too overwhelming in the moment to properly contemplate such things— all wandering hands and whispering lips and rushing pulses. Now, lying tangled in the sheets with the pale sun just filtering in through the curtains, Will feels that they've finally made it to a comfortable destination. Arrived.

Hannibal is lying on his back beside Will. He seems to remember falling asleep in the other man's arms, but he's always been one to toss and turn. His hair is soft, his features peaceful. His chest rises and falls evenly. Beautiful. Will's fingers twitch with a compulsion to reach out and touch him.

"I know you're not really still sleeping," Will mumbles, cheek pressed snugly to his pillow.

A tiny smile twitches at Hannibal's face, though his eyes remain closed. "What gave it away?"

"I slept beside you every night on the boat," Will reminds him, grunting as he stretches. "I know the difference."

Hannibal hums. "How foolish of me, to try and deceive the perceptive Agent Graham."

"I wasn't officially FBI," he replies, correcting Hannibal with a lazy smirk. His brows draw together. "Were you watching me sleep?"

At last, Hannibal cracks an eye open, gazing sidelong at him. "Naturally," he replies, not a shred of shame to him. "How could I resist?"

Will can't repress it. His face breaks into a wide grin. He shifts to bury his face in the pillow, muffles his voice when he says "It's too early for you to talk like that."

"Is that so?" He feels the mattress shifting. "Why?"

He dares to peek up at him. "I just woke up, my brain isn't awake enough to pretend I hate it yet."

It's a mistake, and he knows it.

" 'Pretend', you say?" Hannibal's voice is horribly pleased, his warm body curling close to Will's. "Has it simply been an act, all this time?"

Will shoves half-heartedly at Hannibal's furred chest, rolling to face him properly again. "Not *always.* But... sometimes, I might play up how annoyed I am when you flatter me. For the sake of your ego, if nothing else. It would ruin you, if you thought I liked you too much. It's for your own good."

"How noble of you," Hannibal purrs, and then he's catching Will in a lazy kiss. There's a ray of sun catching Hannibal from behind when they part, framing him in warmth. Will can't wipe the smile off his face at the sight.

Something changes in Hannibal's face, then. The playful glint in his eye fizzles out, dims into something softer, more delicate. Will huffs, rolling his eyes good-naturedly.

"I actually *do* hate it when you give me that look, you know."

"What look?" he sounds much less smug than he had a moment ago.

Will gestures to Hannibal's face, not even daring to meet the gaze. *"That look.* The one you give me when there's something biblical on the tip of your tongue, the one that means you're about to say something morbid and romantic and pretentious." He pushes his unruly curls back with an exaggerated sigh, glaring at those sickeningly fond brown eyes. "Go on, let me have it. Just don't say any words with more than three syllables, I haven't had coffee yet."

Hannibal seems to consider him, just for a moment. His eyes flit about as he licks his lips, but they never leave Will's face. Finally, he whispers "I was thinking about how much I love your smile, that's all."

Will blinks. He freezes up like a startled deer, staring back at him. It's odd. He's so used to Hannibal's usual style of agonizing, theatrical devotion. But this string of deceptively simple words—

Will swallows. He clears his throat, scrubbing awkwardly at the childish blush blooming over his face. "Oh," he manages dumbly, his heart fluttering almost uncomfortably in his chest.

Hannibal just reaches out, his knuckles dragging gently, tenderly along Will's face. Will leans into it, sighing softly. What else could he possibly do?

"It's always been something I've had to savor as it came," Hannibal muses, low and quiet. "You've always been a difficult person to pull joy from, Will. I'm glad that seems to be changing, now."

He tries to blink away the moisture gathering in his eyes, desperately attempting to cut the tension by groaning in an approximation of irritation. "See, it's too early," he tries. "I can't think of a bitchy comeback for that."

Hannibal laughs, eyes narrowing with it as he cups Will's face. "I may need to adjust my strategy, then. From now on, I'll strike at dawn, and drown you in affection while you're still

too groggy to resist."

"No," he mumbles, but he doesn't stop Hannibal from kissing him once, twice, ten times.

He's back to looking horribly pleased when Will pulls away for air, which he takes as a cue for a counter-attack.

"You're one to talk, anyway," Will notes, threading his fingers into Hannibal's hair. His prison cut was fine, but he can't help but be happy that Hannibal appears to be growing his fringe out again. "For someone so hellbent on eating me, I don't think I've ever seen so much of your teeth."

As if to demonstrate, the comment makes Hannibal grin. God, he's got the most perfect smile. It makes Will's heart ache, to realize that Hannibal looks at his own face with the same level of adoration.

"I couldn't imagine why that would be the case," he teases, leaning close once more to claim Will's lips.

Will loses track of how much time they spend there, trading easy kisses and gorging themselves on the intimacy they'd both spent lifetimes starving for. The sun drifts over Hannibal's bed, the birdsong outside the only reminder that the two of them aren't the only beings in all the world.

Eventually, Will takes it upon himself to break the blissful haze. "Can you make breakfast?" he asks, muttered against Hannibal's lips.

Hannibal chuckles, kissing him once more before parting. "Only if you join me in the kitchen. I'm afraid I'm becoming dependent on your company."

Will's lips curl into a smile, and he refuses to school it away. "Guess there are worse vices in the world," he says. He takes Hannibal's offered hand and lets himself be pulled from bed.

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